

Essex County Herald.

VOL. XXXI

ISLAND POND VT., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1903.

NO. 31

Essex District Probate Court.
Sessions of said Court will be held at
Burlington the second Tuesday of October and
April, at the second Tuesday of November
and May, at West Concord the second
Tuesday of December and June, at Laconburg
the second Tuesday of January and July.
Special sessions will be held at any place in
the district by agreement.
ROBERT CHASE, Judge.

W. H. BISHOP,
Notary Public with Seal
Island Pond, Vt.

DALE & AMEY,
Attorneys
Collections made and promptly remitted.
ISLAND POND, VT.

H. W. BLAKE,
Attorney,
ISLAND POND, VT.

MAY & SIMONDS,
Attorneys at Law
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

A. ELIE,
Physician and Surgeon
Cross Street, Island Pond, Vt.

H. E. SARGENT
Physician and Surgeon
Office at Residence, Main St.,
Island Pond, Vt.

E. N. TRENHOLME, D. D. S.,
Dentist.
Office over post office, Island Pond, Vt.

G. E. CLARKE,
Undertaker Funeral Supplies
Office in The Block, Island Pond, Vt.

L. W. STEVENS,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Deputy Sheriff.
Island Pond, Vt.

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Deputy Sheriff.
Island Pond, Vt.

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A BETRAYAL OF CONFIDENCE

....By Howard Fielding

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IT was the sound of my own voice that waked me from the state of semiconscious wretchedness which I call sleep. The hour was uncertain, but the night seemed on the wane. The room had the gray gloom of a dim cell under ground, and the four walls lurked in shadows like four dark robed inquisitors watching some tortured victim on the rack.

I sat upon a pillow with my back against the brazen grille at the head of the bed. The bars were as cold as an Eskimo's idea of perdition, and no doubt they printed their pattern on me as I crouched there for two minutes gibbering like a scared monkey. Having attained full consciousness through this pleasant process, which has be-



A MAN WITH A LANTERN LEADS ME TO A LITTLE INN.

come quite usual with me, I began to repeat the phrase that I had uttered automatically before waking:

"As her husband is a citizen of Rhode Island—"

Could it be possible that I had put those words into a letter addressed to the one person in the world who mustn't know that the young woman in question has a husband? I knew myself too well to doubt that I had done it. My memory, for all useful purposes, is gone. I meet my friends and do not know their names; I talk with them and forget the subject which is under discussion even while I am in the very act of discussing it.

But when I am asleep—or sunk in that purgatory of mental stress through which I never can quite win my way into the heaven of sleep—I am liable to remember anything—minute details of my boyhood, the exact turn of a phrase or glance of an eye that marked a scene of youth, but chiefly my own faults and errors. These, whether of long ago or of the day just done, come into my mind with startling suddenness and always with absolute accuracy, so far as I am able to determine. Sometimes I repeat aloud my own words or those of others; sometimes I utter vain protests against the recurrence of such thoughts, but the end is always the same—I pass through purgatory in the wrong direction and am cast into the torment of Wide-awake.

The way in which this memory had come to me stamped it as genuine. Moreover, I have a rule for such matters, and I rely upon it with a sad certainty—that which is good is a dream, that which is bad is true.

I arose, shivering, and huddled some clothes upon me, with a heavy hooded robe over them. Then I made a fire of sea coal in the parlor and sat down before it to meditate upon a state of affairs which, briefly stated, was this:

An old gentleman named Christopher Hooper, who lives in Sayville, on the Maine coast, a pretty little town where I have spent a summer or two, had written to me for a legal opinion upon the status of certain property. He particularly desired to know what would become of it in case he should die without a will. He did not say why he wished to die without a will, but I was of the opinion that he might do worse. Indeed, I was considerably relieved to find that such was his intention. If he should not change his mind upon this point his granddaughter, Gertrude Ellis, would inherit about a quarter of a million dollars, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

In regard to the property mentioned in his letter asking my advice there might be a squabble over the matter of partition, and if litigation should arise the situation would be complicated by the fact that Gertrude was no longer a minor, with a legal residence in Maine, but was secretly married to Robert N. Ellis of Rhode Island.

Ellis was a young man who had had a little money and had lost it through neglecting the advice of Christopher Hooper. This was a serious offense, but he had cut himself off from parlor by taking a position on a newspaper. Mr. Hooper despised all newspapers as a result of having been abused by one of them in the course of a political campaign in 1808. Ellis had met Gertrude in summer vacations, as I

had. He was still in his youth and with a sunny view of life. It was better that he should win her. I had never striven against him nor said one word in my own cause. I had no exalted notions of self abnegation. I thought that this would be like other sorrows, but somehow it isn't.

They made a great friend of me, and when it came to their childish folly of a secret marriage I was their sole confidant. I tried to dissuade them, selfishly, generously, I don't know which. Perhaps the meeting of those storms of different considerations in my brain may have had something to do with the condition of it. At any rate, if it hurt me it benefited no one else. They were married as a guarantee to Ellis that old Christopher Hooper's opposition should not wreck his hopes. The ceremony occurred in New York, where Gertrude spends her winters with an aunt who is so dull of wit that I think the wedding might have taken place in her own parlor and she have been none the wiser. I was the only accomplice.

It was some months later that I had my letter from Mr. Hooper. As I sat down to answer it I said to myself: "I must be careful. I don't know what I'm about."

I had done my best with it, and my best had been as bad as possible, for those words had crept in:

"As her husband is a citizen of Rhode Island—"

The name of the state would identify the man, and as Hooper had once been led to fear a secret marriage no lies, though backed by all the resources of perjury that are known to a New York lawyer, could repair the mischief.

Beyond doubt I had arranged matters so that Mr. Hooper would not die without a will. No direct advice upon the point could have been half so effective. If he lived long enough to find a bottle of ink after reading my letter Gertrude would be disinherited.

What was to be done? Upon this point I tried to think clearly. There must be a way out of it. I said to myself that if I could have ten minutes of real sleep—may, but five—I could think my way through this difficulty. With deliberation I laid my heavy head against the cushioned chair and closed my eyes despite the force of the springs that held them open—springs that pressed incessantly so that the orbits of the eyes were sore. I saw many visions—the old days at Sayville; Gertrude, seventeen years old, upon a tennis field shaking down the masses of her hair disordered in the game, the picture of youth; the first time I ever saw her. But this has nothing to do with the letter. I must think of that.

Mailed about half past 10 of the evening, it had not yet started on its way to Boston. Only one mail a day at Sayville. I wrote a letter to Gertrude once and beat it to Sayville by a full day's time. If I take the fast express at 10 o'clock this morning I may be there in time. In that case I'll find some way to intercept the letter. I'll bribe a servant. So that's all settled and off my mind, and I may sit here in this chair and dream of things that aren't true. All that is good is a dream.

It is a comfort to ride in a railroad train. The engineer knows his way, and the conductor, for a consideration, will put an absent minded passenger off at the proper station. If he happens to forget to render this service why should the absent minded passenger make trouble? Rather let him be comforted by the thought that some one else has lost his memory. However, Boston is a terminal, so there is no risk.

In Boston it is raining to a degree that Noah never saw the like of. The roof of the cab in which I cross the city roars with the flood that is descending upon it.

Beyond Boston the train seems like a submarine boat. Night closes in, and the rain still falls. We are late at Portland, later yet at the junction where I must change to the little branch road.

A man with a lantern leads me to a little inn that looms in an ocean of rain. He takes it for granted that I want to go to bed. Probably he has never seen a man who did not have that natural inclination at such an hour of the morning.

Next day the weather had cleared. The sun shone brightly, but the whole region seemed to be a lake. I had many misgivings, yet the branch train started confidently on time. It ran about ten miles and then stopped while the track ahead was tested and repaired. A few miles farther along the same process was repeated, and so we crept down to Belfast, arriving too late for the boat across the bay.

Mails reach Sayville about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, coming down by stage along the east bank of the Penobscot. By the best calculation that I could



"HAS HE BEEN TO THE MAIL?" I DEMANDED

region seemed to be a lake. I had many misgivings, yet the branch train started confidently on time. It ran about ten miles and then stopped while the track ahead was tested and repaired. A few miles farther along the same process was repeated, and so we crept down to Belfast, arriving too late for the boat across the bay.

make my letter had been in the very train that had taken me to the junction. It would probably fail to make connections at Bangor because of the storm and would not go down to Sayville until next day, but if I should wait for tomorrow's boat I might be too late to intercept the letter, the margin of time being very narrow. Therefore it was advisable for me to hire my own transportation across the bay.

It was 2 o'clock when we drifted into Sayville harbor.

While I was walking up the main street of the town I encountered Hiram Banks, who was Mr. Hooper's handy man.

"Rather early for summer visitors, ain't it?" he inquired. "How'd ye come? Sailboat, eh? You must 'a' been in a hurry. Gosh! up to the house. I suppose, I knew Mr. Hooper'd write to ye. He's sick. Just took; quite bad. I'm going for the doctor."

"Has he been to the mail?" I demanded.

"Just come from there," he replied, "when he was took."

So my letter had come despite my hopes, and it had prostrated the old man. Well, I might have expected as much. What was to be done? My mind refused to take hold of the problem, but some instinct directed my body. I went to the telegraph office and sent this message to Gertrude:

"Matter of R. N. E. necessitates your coming here at once."

Then I went to the Hooper house. The old gentleman was quite ill, and the doctor advised me not to try to see him. I waited till evening, when he was considerably improved, and then I went to his room. His first words let me know that he had not received my letter, but in the meantime I had had a telegram from Gertrude saying that she had started. I had not the resolution to tell Mr. Hooper this. Gertrude must explain her own coming. As to mine, I had no trouble, alleging his letter as the excuse for it.

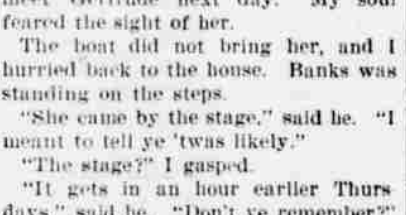
I went down to the Belfast boat to meet Gertrude next day. My soul feared the sight of her.

The boat did not bring her, and I hurried back to the house. Banks was standing on the steps.

"She came by the stage," said he. "I meant to tell ye 'twas likely."

"The stage?" I gasped.

"It gets in an hour earlier Thursdays," said he. "Don't ye remember?"



GERTRUDE WAS SITTING BESIDE THE COUCH.

"Remember?" I echoed, striking my forehead with my clenched hand. "How should I remember anything? Where is she?"

"Gone up to his room," he replied.

"Have you heard?"

"I ain't heard nothing," said he. "Is there likely to be a rumsp?"

I strode by him into the parlor and flung my overcoat off upon the floor.

As I did so something fell out of the breast pocket. I picked it up. It was my letter to Christopher Hooper.

I had forgotten to mail it! All this mental torment, this self accusation, this scurrying across country, this insane summons to Gertrude, had been wholly unnecessary. The affliction which had caused the trouble had, in the mystery of divine mercy, averted it or would have done so but for my own panic.

I ripped the letter open. It was a lengthy communication, but I knew just where to look for the bit of lunacy that had dribbled from my pen. There it stood, most plainly written down, "As her husband is a citizen of Rhode Island." The phrase had recurred to me accurately in sleep.

The need of the moment was for quick and accurate thought upon the present emergency, but there was no one to think it. I stood wringing the letter in my dripping hands until it was a mere rag, and my mind was wrong in precisely the same way. All I could think of was that Gertrude was in the room over my head. Without a notion as to what I should say or do I rushed up the stairs four at a leap.

Some one said "Come in!" as I knocked at Hooper's door. Entering, I beheld the old gentleman lying upon a couch and propped up with pillows. His white hair floated round his head. It was of a perfect whiteness and as fine as the strands of a sunbeam. With his clear blue eyes it gave him a certain beauty, and I marked a serenity upon his countenance that was not like his customary expression.

Gertrude was sitting upon a hassock beside the couch. She had been shedding tears. As I entered she rose quickly and with the spring and the grace of youth. The old man eyed her admiringly in the second's time before she spoke.

"I have confessed all to grandfather, and he has forgiven me," she said. "I am so glad you sent for me!"

NEW SOCIAL MOVEMENT

Features of a Socialist Sunday School in Boston.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES WITH MUSIC

Dr. Antoinette Konikow, Organizer of Boston's Socialist Women's Club, Who Outlines Purpose of the School, Says the Aim is Not to Conflict With Other Denominational Schools.

The first Socialist Sunday school established in Boston was opened at the headquarters of the Socialist party, 929 Washington street, the other day.

The school was organized by the Socialist Women's club of Boston, which has been in existence a year, says the Boston Globe.

Men as well as women will be instructors and speakers. Among them are several former teachers. Charles Burbank, a lawyer, and George Willis Cooke, author of "Ralph Waldo Emerson's Life, Writings and Philosophy," "George Eliot, a Critical Study," "Poets and Problems" and other well known books, have promised to be among the speakers. Rev. John Ellis, an alumnus of Harvard college and Socialist candidate for the Massachusetts senate, has also been invited to speak and teach in the Socialist Sunday school.

The superintendent is an ex-secretary of the Young Men's Christian association. The school starts with sixty-five persons, including a good number of children. Mrs. Elizabeth Porter played the piano, and the exercises began with singing a "Marching Song" from the "Socialist Songs" compiled by Mr. Charles H. Kerr.

The following stanzas from the "Marching Song" give an idea of the character of Socialist music:

In the shops and in the slums,
Working, suffering day by day,
We are making wealth for millionaires to hold.

But with joy we pledge our faith
To the cause of the oppressed,
Till the better social order shall unfold.

In the days that are to be,
When the cause we love is won,
We shall labor for ourselves and for our own.

Each for all and all for each,
And through many joyful years
We shall pluck the fruit that comrades brave have sown.

A favorite song is James Russell Lowell's "True Freedom."

Dr. Antoinette Konikow, a physician, a graduate of Tufts Medical college and organizer of the Socialist Women's club of Boston, thus outlines the purposes of the Socialist Sunday school: The Socialist Women's club of Boston inaugurates a movement which is entirely new in this part of the country—namely, a Socialist Sunday school.

"The Socialist Sunday school is not created to antagonize the Sunday schools organized by different churches. Not to come in conflict with them, we chose the time for school in the afternoon. Socialism has just as little to do with religion as medicine, literature or science. Like the state of today, it leaves religious education to the individual and to parents."

"The chief aim of the Socialist Sunday school will be to bring our children up in the ethics of Socialist principles. For years we have had to convert young men and women to socialism who were brought up in the ethics and spirit of capitalism."

"We should not wait till our children imbibed wrong conceptions of capitalist ethics, but instill into them the right ideas of justice from their earliest years. Unfortunately the workingman has but little time for his family, and before he realizes it his children have drifted away from him spiritually. To fill out this gap, to bring a moral and spiritual tie between the overworked father and mother and their children, this school is organized."

"While we intend on one hand to give our children through this school the ethics or morals corresponding to our conceptions of economics, on the other hand we will try to give them true knowledge of present and past conditions."

"However good our schools of today are in comparison with the schools of old times, they still stick to many old methods of teaching. History is still treated by them as a succession of heroes instead of an evolution where the method of production played one of the most important roles; some pages of history are still misrepresented, corresponding to the prejudices of the class in power."

"The aim of our school, in short, will be to develop in our children the brotherly love and comradeship taught by Socialism instead of the narrowness and conservatism which always follow tradition because it is of long standing and accepted by many; to develop the spirit of independent judgment and the courage to stand up for the right principle. Whether we succeed or not will partly depend upon our comrades. It is a new field, and we have but little experience. We need the good will and help of every one."

At the close of Dr. Konikow's speech to give the children a rest from sitting all stood, and a few minutes were spent in simple gymnastic exercises with music.

A Champion Soda Drinker.

Miss Claudia Flint of Bethany, Kan., the charming young daughter of Sheriff Flint, is the champion ice cream soda consumer of a state whose young women are all pretty fair consumers, says the Bethany (Kan.) Republican.

A Bethany restaurateur offered a watch to the person buying the most ice cream sodas from him in the "season" ended Sept. 30. Miss Flint won the watch by turning in 2,600 tickets, each representing a soda that she had bought. Her average consumption on this showing was fifteen sodas per day.

Christmas

Greeting

from

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